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Micro Fiction (101 Words)

*Ellén Trechend*

At night the book glowed Kelly tone, radiant like wild Roscommon: Ellén Trechend was coming, the sirens off its multiple heads pouring cliffs and forests with rivers of death. The three-headed killer had broken Cruachan's cave, its height now three bodies high with scales of mithril a bit like Aillén, it's said. Thus approaching is the fate of all Ireland, again another of the winged reptile's dreaded plot of toasting everything Irish to ash. But tonight we have Claíomh Solai in hand, a shiny long torch sword from Tuatha Dé Danann. And we shall absolutely close the doors on Ellén Trechend.

End.